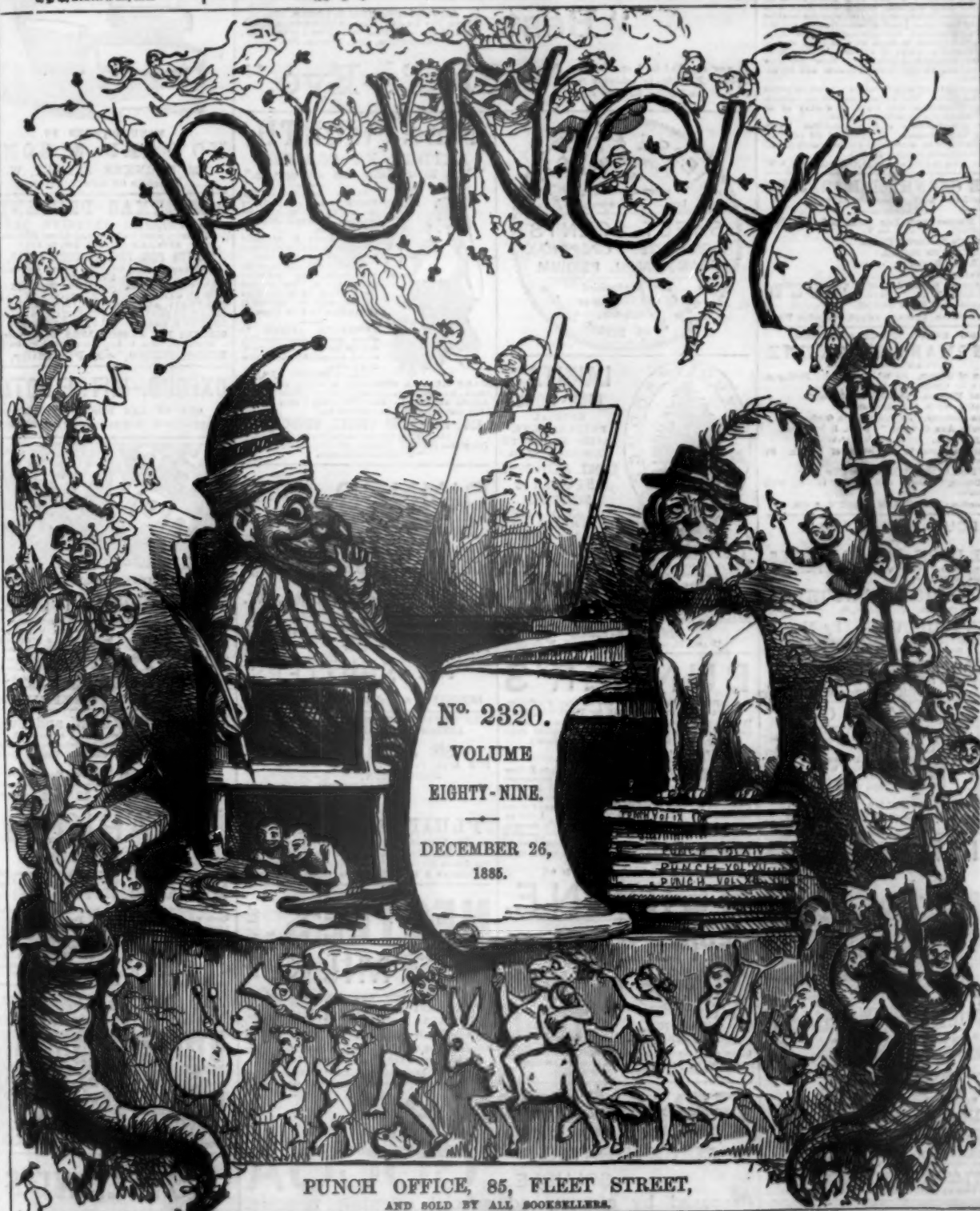


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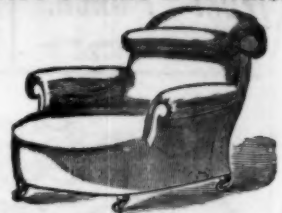
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CROWDED OUT! OR, PUNCH'S HARDY ANNUAL.

PART I.—JANUARY JEALOUSY.

THE Serpentine was frozen over. The usual motley crowd were sporting themselves on the ice. Chestnuts were in season, and oranges could



THE NORTH-EAST WIND—A GENUINE CHRISTMAS NUMB-ER.

be obtained very cheaply at Covent Garden. The Pantomime was in full swing at Drury Lane. In fact, it was thoroughly seasonable weather. EDWIN DE BOOTS and ANGELINA DE SLIPPERS were gaily exchanging vows of constancy as they glided along on the Club Skates, when there was a crash, an ejaculation of horror, and a disappearance. In another moment the loving pair were under water, and alone. But not for long. Suddenly they were joined by an Italian, dressed in a slouch hat and a disguise-cloak. "Discovered!" exclaimed ANGELINA. "My hated rival!" murmured EDWIN. It was an embarrassing situation.

PART II.—FEBRUARY FIDELITY.

It was Valentine's Day. The limited space at our command will not allow of our explaining how EDWARD and ANGELINA escaped from the Serpentine, but escape they did. And now ANGELINA, by some mischance, found herself in the Serpents' Cage at the Zoological Gardens. "What shall I do?" cried the unfortunate girl, as the Cobras, the Pythons, and the Boas began to devour her. "Trust in me!" exclaimed EDWIN, suddenly entering the glass-case.

PART III.—MARCH MORALITY.

It was very seasonable weather. An easterly wind blew everything into the middle of the following week. Haros were at their maddest. EDWIN and ANGELINA (the story of whose escape from the fangs of the Serpents, only exigencies of space prevent us from unfolding) were walking down Piccadilly. The young man entered a tobacconist's alone! When he returned ANGELINA had gone! Seized and abducted by Count JACKO DE BOOTZO, she was reclining in a storm on board his yacht in the Bay of Biscay. The frail bark began to sink!

PART IV.—APRIL AMIABILITY.

THE Row was beginning to be fashionable. The man with the chairs was demanding pennies. ANGELINA (whose adventures after shipwreck in the Bay of Biscay would well repay recital did the exigencies of space permit) was seated under the fast blossoming trees listening to the Horse-Guards' Band. "Let me tell you your fortune, my pretty lady," said a ragged individual, beside her. But, in spite of his disguise, she recognised him. "EDWIN!" she exclaimed. "My own darling!" Then she fainted. He lifted her up gently into his arms, and vaulting

with his fair burden into the empty saddle of a runaway horse, hurriedly quitted the Park. The infuriated steed dashed down Piccadilly.

PART V.—MAY MADNESS.

It was the Private View at the Royal Academy. All London was there. A crowd had gathered round EDWIN as he attempted to lead his fair lunatic from the Refreshment-room. "ANGELINA," he whispered, "do you not recognise me?" Her only answer was, with a wild laugh, to attempt to stab him with a carving-knife. Then she rushed into the Powder Magazine, near the Serpentine, and seized a matchbox. The Sentry (who had not observed her entrance) stood aghast! Her next movement was to light a match!

PART VI.—JUNE JURIES.

THE Central Criminal Court was crowded. The Counsel for the Crown had summed up the evidence which substantiated the Prisoner's guilt. There had been told, in detail, the whole story that would have appeared in these columns had only space permitted of the narration. The Judge had done his duty dispassionately. EDWIN and ANGELINA, supporting one another in each other's arms, with pale lips, colourless cheeks, and weary eyes, anxiously awaited their doom. The Jury consulted; then they retired to their own room. On their return, in answer to the question, "Are you decided upon your verdict?" the Foreman replied, "We are!"

PART VII.—JULY JEWELLERY.

It is to be regretted that space will not permit of a recital of the escape of EDWIN and ANGELINA from Newgate and the condemned cell. They engaged a yacht, and were cruising in the Mediterranean. On account of the hurried manner in which they had to collect a crew, their employes were not of very good character. Perhaps the most respectable of them was their mate, a Greek Pirate, known as KUTHROTOS. Following the plan given them by the old Abbé, they soon discovered the Island of Monte Carlo. Here, on entering the cave, they found it filled with the most magnificent diamonds. The next moment they heard a voice, and felt the barrel of a revolver grazing their foreheads. "Move an inch, and I fire!" It was KUTHROTOS, the Greek Pirate.

PART VIII.—AUGUST AMUSEMENTS.

LUCERNE was crowded. The table d'hôte at the Switzerland had never numbered so many guests. The story of EDWIN and ANGELINA's escape from the pirates (which we are forced to suppress, to make room for other articles) had constituted them the hero and heroine of the locality. EDWIN and ANGELINA had ascended one of the loftiest mountains in Switzerland, and from the summit were admiring the delightful view. Suddenly EDWIN turned white. There was a slight tremble, and then earth began to move. "Hold me firmly, darling," whispered EDWIN in ANGELINA's ear. "We are going back on an avalanche!" And he told the truth!

PART IX.—SEPTEMBER SPLENDOR.

COUNT JACKO DE BOOTZO, who, it would have been remembered, had taken a very active part in the Servo-Bulgarian War, had we had space to recount his adventures, was once again in England. He was mounting his horse to go out with his pack of visiting cards, when a telegram was placed in his hands. "Fries!" he exclaimed, beneath his breath, and immediately returned to town. He hastened to his magnificent chambers in St. James's Street. All his papers had been taken! The will was gone! For a moment he lost his reason. Then he became more calm, and rowed his eight-oar (he was thoroughly English in his tastes) to Scotland Yard. "I was expecting to see you," said Inspector BOOKER, of the Criminal Investigation Department, with a smile. "I have traced the whole complicated affair to a man and a woman. It is a long, but deeply interesting story. Take a seat, and I will tell it to you." Thus invited all eager to hear the truth at last, the Count dropped into a chair. The Inspector refreshed his memory with a draught from his note-book, and then began.

PART X.—OCTOBER ORATORY.

It was the Polling Day of the General Election. EDWIN and ANGELINA (whose extraordinary adventures Inspector BOOKER told the Court, in confidence, and which we should have reported but for the very small space devoted to fiction in these columns) were, of course, the observed of all observers. After mutual explanations it is needless to relate that they had become fast friends with the last of the De BOOTZO's. Consequently they were deeply interested in his success. Naturalised an Englishman, he had contested the county, or rather, one of its divisions. "Mis Cara," he murmured to ANGELINA, "the two o'clock train will bring a thousand voters to vote against me." "They shall never arrive!" exclaimed the lovely and strong-minded girl. Then she entered the signal-box and coquettishly chloroformed the signal-man. The clock pointed to one minute to two—in another sixty seconds the train (which being on the South-Eastern Railway was never a moment behind time) would be due. With a whirl the engine approached. ANGELINA turned the points, with a white scared face. Suddenly she fainted. On the engine she had recognised EDWIN, who, all unconscious of his danger, was laughing heartily!

PART XI.—NOVEMBER NECROMANCY.

EDWIN was inconsolable. After learning the harrowing incidents that would have been related in our last chapter had there been room for them, it is obvious that he was forced to feel considerable apprehension as to the safety of ANGELINA. She was with the Greek Kalends in their own mountains, a prisoner. "I will help you," exclaimed DE BOOTZO, and dragging him outside the Crystal Palace, opened a secret door, discovered ten flights of steps, passed through a stone passage, and found themselves in a hall, where a Masonic Lodge was being held. EDWIN remembered the stories of the Mysterious Brotherhood that had reached him from time to time, in the shape rather of hints than assertions. Now it was one of his friends who had saved himself from scalping by North American Indians by raising his right thumb; now it was another who had been the constant guest at the dining-table of the King of a third-rate Continental Power by merely jerking his left fore-finger. He perfectly trembled with curiosity. "Before you are initiated," said the Worshipful Master, "I will tell you all the secrets of our Craft." And then he divulged all the secrets of Freemasonry, in the following words.

PART XII.—DECEMBER DELUSIONS.

CHRISTMAS once more! The mistletoe and the holly! All good things in season. Bills coming in by the dozen. Never was there so much doing at the dear old County Court! A mournfully old-fashioned Christmas! It need scarcely be hinted that, after the many adventures our hero and heroine passed through since the first entered the Masonic Lodge, and the last fell among the Brigands (adventures that only the exigencies of space prevent us from publishing at full length), that they were happy to meet again in the large Reception Room of Haunted Hall, Ghostshire. They were holding high revel. All the neighbours were invited for forty miles round for ten o'clock, when they were regaled with weak tea, Abernethy biscuits, and quartered oranges. After a while EDWIN recited to them. The host was in the middle of one of his most unsuccessful "humorous pieces," when midnight began to strike on the old hall clock. Gradually the lights burned blue, and went out. The guests shrieked, and some of them fainted. There were many there who would have gladly listened to EDWIN's recitation in preference to this. A ghastly light, and the Count de BOOTZO glided into the room. ANGELINA shrieked, threw up her arms, and swooned. "Why do you come here?" asked EDWIN, angrily, for he was annoyed at being interrupted. "I come," replied the ghost of the Count, "to tell you all—I know everything." And then, having assisted the ladies and ANGELINA to resume their seats, he began his narrative. And that narrative (as will be seen in due course) supplied all the missing links of the present story.

(To be concluded next year.)



ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

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Suburban Belle. "BECAUSE I SAW IN TO-DAY'S MORNING POST THAT THE DUKES AND DUCHESS AND FAMILY ARE NOT EXPECTED BACK FROM AUSTRALIA BEFORE FEBRUARY!"

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Mr. Parnell.—Great Seal of the Irish Republic (plated), in case complete, from New York.

Lord Salisbury.—Bottle of "Holdfast" Glue.

Lord Randolph Churchill.—Sack of Burmah rice, with receipt for cooking the same *à la minute*.

Lord Hartington.—Box containing pipe and piece of Radical Soap, for blowing bubbles, labelled "a present from Birmingham."

Sir William Harcourt.—"Steering in its own Juice," popular air arranged as solo for his own trumpet.

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"How can I e'er forget"—if I'm provided with
The diaries, tablets, pocket-books of Messrs. T. J. SMITH?

GEORGE FALKNER's cards we praise. Yes, we remember,
Too early they appeared, 'twas last September.

You'll delighted be with the Scent Fountains of SMITH,
They'll draw lots of Christmas attackers!
And each girl and each boy will find infinite joy—
In CREMER's delightful Toy Crackers!
But the hand-painted glass 'twould be hard to surpass—
The work of the skilled SPAGNOLETTI.
While famed SCHIPPER & Co. have a marvellous show,
Of Christmas Cards dainty and pretty!

There is ALBERT MARX, too, you'll be glad to look through
His choice and his varied collection:
You'll be puzzled to choose from the studies and views
That HARDING sends for your inspection.
Architectural tricks taught by neat Model Bricks—
Young builders, I'm certain that they would!
Ne'er one moment forget that they owe a deep debt
To VACHER, and likewise JOHN HAYWOOD!
There is *Red Riding Hood*—baby's opera good,
By ANDRÉ—composed by DE SOLLA:
'Tis well suited, I ween, for each small lyric queen,
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Mr. Howorth.—Explanatory key to his recent Fair Trade Puzzles contributed to the *Times* newspaper.

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THE REVERIE OF A POOR SQUEEZED 'UN.

(See Wordsworth's "Reverie of Poor Susan.")

At the East end of Paul's, there's a plot that's for sale;
And the Press sings out, "Buy it!"—the cry's somewhat stale.
The Londoner, hustled and crowded, can tell
How narrow the roadway, the pavement as well.

His fancy runs riot! What ails him? He sees
A Boulevard appearing, all shaded by trees;
With ease and with comfort the 'busses now glide
From Cannon Street corner to busy Cheapside!

A road, "wide as Holborn," allows him to view
The Cathedral uprising in dignity new;
And a fine open space lets the oxygen roam
Where school-boys and merchants once boasted a home.

He looks, and his joy grows intense! But they fade—
The visions of elbow-room, Boulevard, and shade;
And the space will be speedily built on, unless
To the cry of, "Oh, buy it!" the City says, "Yes."



MR. PUNCH CONCEDES HOME RULE TO THE ONLY TRUE HOME-RULERS AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

UN PEU DE SHOWS.

I SEE that all the Critics pitch into the Burlesque called *Vanderdecken*, at the Novelty Theatre, and express their pity for Messrs. BROUGH and EDOUIN wasting their talents on such trash. But what I want to know is, who compelled Messrs. BROUGH and EDOUIN to play the Burlesque? Didn't they read it? Didn't they choose it? And aren't they, and they only, responsible for its production? Why should the Author be singled out for reprobation, and the real culprits be allowed to escape? Hang CINNA the Burlesquist for his bad verses, by all means, but draw, quarter, and finally hang the Manager-Actors,

through whose want of judgment his bad verses are published to the world. There is this comfort, however, that, even if Messrs. BROUGH and EDOUIN were bound by the strictest taskmaster of an Author to produce his piece, no one is forced to go and see it. — New pieces at the Gaiety and the Empire, for Christmas. Also *Kenilworth*, at the Avenue, written by Mr. REECE and an eminent Librettist, whose name is not unlike VARNEY. On the Lyceum *Faust* I shall take the earliest opportunity of making some learned remarks. This week, alas, there is Boxing Day; but there is also Boxing Night, when 'Ooray for *Aladdin* and *HONGUSTUS DRUMOLANUS*! — New Lights — *Harbour Lights* — for old ones, at the Adelphi, will shine ere this appears. NISRA.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Being a few scattered staves, from a familiar Composition, rearranged for performance, by a Distinguished Musical Amateur, during the Holiday Season, at H-r-v-r-d-n.

STAVE I.—BENDIZZY'S GHOST.

SCROOGESTONE closed his door, and looked himself in. Thus secured against interruption, he took off his collar. It required a good deal of taking off, that collar, and as a matter-of-fact, was taken off a good deal. Then he put on his dressing-gown, his slippers, and his night-cap, and sat down before the fire, to take his gruel. He had much to take, and he determined to take it, like a man.

The fire-place was paved all round with tiles, designed to illustrate history, sacred and profane. There were WILLIAM the Conqueror, and JOSEPH and his Brethren, there were BENJAMIN'S Mess, and the Plagues of Egypt, and Indian Emperresses, and Dutch subjects; hundreds of figures to attract his thoughts. Yet, if each smooth tile had been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of old BENDIZZY'S head on every one.

"Humbug!" said SCROOGESTONE. He heard a clanking noise, as of a dragged chain, the sound of feet upon the stairs, coming straight towards his door. "It's humbug, still!" he said, "I won't believe it."

His colour changed though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and stood before him—BENDIZZY'S Ghost.

The same face—the very same. BENDIZZY, with his frontal curl, his chin-tuft, his usual buck-like vesture, and varnished boots. The



Bendizzy's Ghost.

chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was made (for SCROOGESTONE observed it closely) of despatch-boxes and diplomatic protocols, of blue-books and secret agreements, of many keys of quaint workmanship, Indian and otherwise.

SCROOGESTONE was still incredulous, and fought against his senses.

"How now!" said he. "What do you want with me?"

"Much! Many things have happened since we met."

BENDIZZY'S voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"In life I was your rival, BENJAMIN DIZZY."

"Can you—can you sit down?" asked SCROOGESTONE, looking doubtfully at him.

"Do you think that, like some of your living friends, I have lost my seat?" chuckled BENDIZZY, depositing himself in a chair, as though it were as easy as sitting on a Treasury Bench.

"You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost.

"I don't," said SCROOGESTONE. "Never did," he added, *sotto voce*.

"More's the pity," said the Ghost, overhearing him. "It might have saved you some rare messes if you had."

"Humbug! I tell you—humbug!" cried SCROOGESTONE.

At this the Spirit raised a scornful cry, and shook its chain with a dismal and depressing noise.

"You are fettered," said SCROOGESTONE, trembling. "Tell me why?"

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the Ghost. "Is its pattern strange to you? Or would you know the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as

long as this five Christmas Eves ago. You have laboured on it since. It is a ponderous chain." SCROOGESTONE glanced about him on the floor. But he could see nothing. "Hear me!" cried the Ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will," said SCROOGESTONE. "But don't be hard upon me. Don't be flowery, BENJAMIN! Pray!"

"I have sat opposite to you, WILLIAM, invisible, this many a-day."

It was not an agreeable idea. SCROOGESTONE shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"That is no light part of my task," pursued the Ghost, with a touch of his ancient irony. "I am here to-night to warn and advise you."

"Thank 'ee," said SCROOGESTONE, drily.

"You will be haunted," resumed the Ghost, "by Three Spirits."

"I—I think, I'd rather not," said SCROOGESTONE.

"Without their visits," said the Ghost, "you will not take my tips to heart. Farewell, WILLIAM!"

The apparition walked backward to the slowly opening window, and floated out upon the bleak dark night.

SCROOGESTONE followed to the window, desperate in his curiosity. He closed the window and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked. He tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable.

STAVE II.—THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS.

It was a strange figure—like a child in some things, like a stalwart resolute man in others, like time-worn, hair-blanching age, in not a few. This was not its strangest quality. The figure fluctuated in its distinctness, and shifted in its shape, and vacillated in its apparent purpose, being now clear as day, now shadowy and vague as night, now a head without a body, now a body without a head, now vigorously advancing, now swiftly retreating, now aimlessly drifting. And in the very wonder of this, it would be itself again; distinct and clear as ever. From the crown of its head, however, there sprang a bright clear jet of light, which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

"Who are you?" SCROOGESTONE demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?" inquired SCROOGESTONE.

"No. Your past."

The Spirit carried him far and wide, and showed him many things. A studious boy at a big school, a grave eloquent youth at a great College, a singer of comic songs, the rising hope of one Party, the ardent champion of another, the half-reluctant leader of a third. A shifting panorama of rôles long abandoned, of scenes half-forgotten. A Senate charmed into delighted absorption by fancy-illuminated finance, a multitude witched into eager enthusiasm by mellifluous moonshine. And the scenes! Snow-spread wastes, a beleaguered Citadel, an ill-led, ill-equipped, but ever victorious army. A sea of rapt faces hotly applauding hotter denunciations of war and waste! A battered town, a broken square, sand-wastes stained crimson with unavailing blood! A belated expedition crawling up an ancient stream! A lonely, heroic, vainly-expectant figure, in a desert-city! A shriek of treachery, a cry of despair, a wide-sounding wail of bitter, bitter disappointment!

"I wish—I wish," SCROOGESTONE muttered, putting his hand to his eyes—"but it is too late now!"

"Leave me! Take me back! Haunt me no longer!" cried SCROOGESTONE, struggling with the Spirit. SCROOGESTONE observed that its light was burning high and bright. He snatched the extinguisher-cap, and by a sudden action pressed it down upon its



The First Ghost is rather put out.

head. The Spirit dropped beneath it, but, though SCROOGESTONE pressed it down with all his force, he could not hide the light which streamed from under it in an unbroken flood upon the ground.

STAVE III.—THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me!"

SCROOGESTONE respectfully did so. It was a pleasant enough spectacle. Broad, beaming, of substantial bulk—nothing vague or



A Genuine Christmas Present.

vaporous about it. A jolly giant, with a bare chest, a blazing torch, an empty scabbard, a big steaming bowl, a ruddy face, an opulent pile of seasonable cheer.

"This is better," thought SCROOGESTONE—"less shivery and reproachful; more genial and restful. Spirit," said he, submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learnt a lesson which is working now. To-night, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

Far they went, and much they saw—amongst toiling artisans in smoky towns, and newly-enfranchised labourers in rural places; things unexpected—startling, suggestive lessons, which SCROOGESTONE could not but ponder and lay to heart, with results which may be visible anon. He saw visions of troubled Churches and perturbed parsonages, spectres of furious squires and jubilant rustics, shadowy pastures cropped by phantom cows, shifting crowds, cockney and bucolic, driving in opposite directions, clamouring in conflicting causes, exulting over rival victories. He beheld one trusted henchman raising a spectral banner of revolt, another drifting like a wind-driven mist in the direction of the enemy. Brooding over these, SCROOGESTONE again remembered the prediction of old BENDIZZY. He looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not, but, lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming like a misty shadow along the ground towards him.

STAVE IV.—THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come?" said SCROOGESTONE.

The Spirit answered not, but pointed forward with its hand.

"You are about to show me the shadow of things which have not happened, but which will happen—"

"If the lessons of the Past are not applied to the possibilities of the dim and distant Future," interrupted the Spirit.

"Lead on!" said SCROOGESTONE. "Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

STAVE V.—THE END OF IT.

What this Spirit showed him, and taught him, SCROOGESTONE confided only to the discreet bosom of his faithful friend, frank counsellor, and wise warner, Mr. Punch. Save that it showed him dark danger in the frozen North, possibilities of dread disaster in the sandy East,

confusion in the duck-skin'd South, wild disorder in the "moist and melancholy" West; a nation falling to Chaos in the pursuit of Chimeras, a Kingdom shaken by weak surrender to daring disloyalty, a smirched honour, a splendid reputation sullied, and a noble mausoleum clouded by late-falling shades of shame, let nothing be said here and now of the spectral fore-shadowings of the Last of the Spirits. But if you had seen the twain,



"A Merry Christmas to You!"

WILLIAM SCROOGESTONE and Mr. Punch—as you may in the picture—hobnobbing over a Christmas bowl of the latter's namesake, you'd have concluded that the Three Spirits had not wholly wasted their labours, that the recollections of their friendly visitations lent a zest to SCROOGESTONE's enjoyment of a fourth Spirit—that in the Bowl, and that Mr. Punch hoped the best from the influence of the warnings of BENDIZZY's Ghost upon the future of WILLIAM SCROOGESTONE.

PUGNACIOUS PENMEN.

[Two French newspaper editors fought a duel a few days ago, and M. SCHOLL the dramatist, and M. LABRUYERE a Communist journalist, also went out together.]

WE are told that they manage things better in France, But the journalists there lead each other a dance; If one man "slates" another for what he has done, It is pistols for two, and then coffee for one: Or the small-sword's called in to decide which is right, By a dig in the arm, that's the end of the fight.

How too funny 'twould be could we tell in our rhymes, How the *Telegraph* boldly assaulted the *Times*, When ARNOLD and BUCKLE fell out; how FRANK HILL, Of the stern *Daily News*, should try MURFORD to kill, Who holds rule o'er the *Standard*; or pink, in a pet, FREDERICK GREENWOOD, who rules the *St. James's Gazette*.

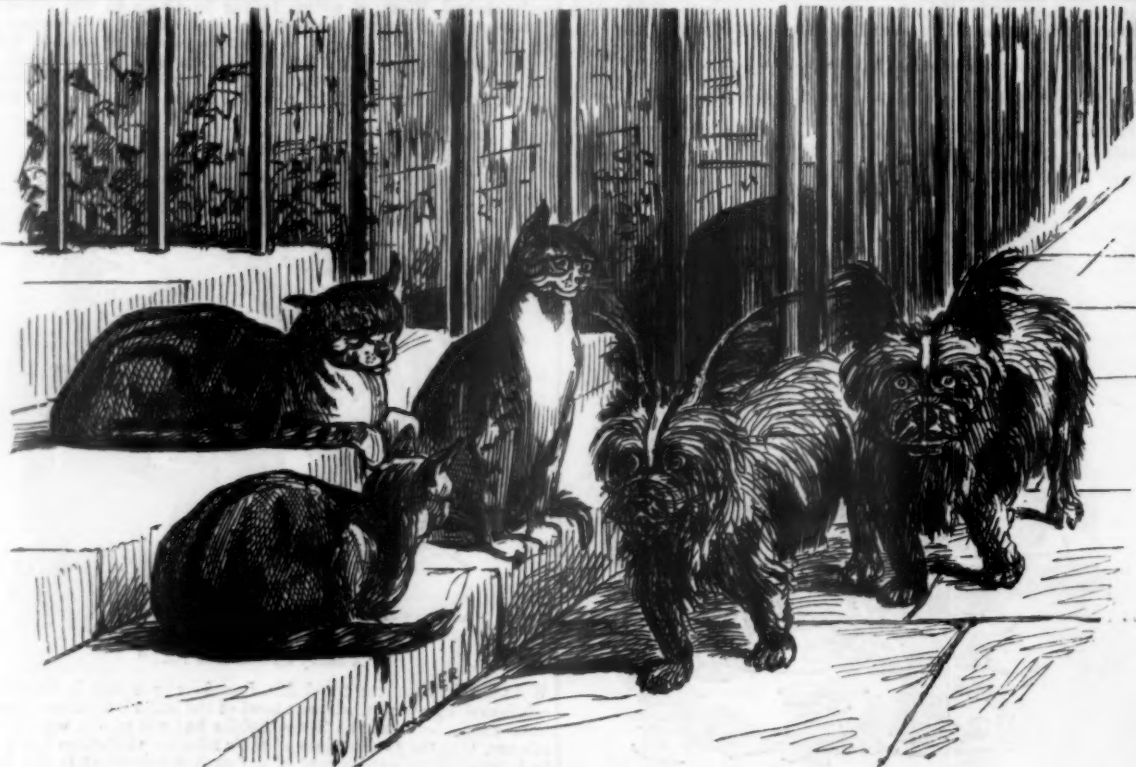
'Twould be fun if a challenge were savagely hurled 'Gainst the owner of *Truth* by E. YATES of the *World*; If HUTTON and TOWNSEND, that long-winded pair Of *Spectator* renown, should fight *Vanity Fair*; While fierce T. G. BOWLES would his work have to do With *Saturday* POLLOCK and pistols for two.

We may write on opponents and call them hard names, But we do not go in for these duelling games; If an argument needs to be backed up by such Foolish deeds, then be sure it's not worth overmuch: Let the Frenchmen go out, and endeavour to pink Brother journalists,—we fight with goose-quill and ink.

A propos.

Distinguished Naturalist. Have you ever known a dog fond of oysters? I have.

Person (who can't be serious for a moment). Really? Well, I don't think I've ever seen a dog tackle an oyster; but, the other day, I saw one trying to eat a muzzie.



MUZZLE DAY. DECEMBER 10¹ 1885.

"It's AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD"! SO AT LEAST THE CATS THINK, WHO ARE HAVING IT ALL THEIR OWN WAY!

THE WAITS!

A MERRY Christmas! Ah! no doubt;
And those within seem vastly merry.
Meanwhile, 'tis precious cold without!
Chilled fingers, nose-tips like the cherry,
They find, who're trying the experiment,
Are scarce conducive to much merriment.
Music hath charms! Of course, of course!
But when the instruments all jangle,
When this seems cracked, and that sounds
hoarse,
And tune and time are in a tangle.
Soothing the savage breast—or warming—
Seems quite beyond its powers of charming.
Whew! what a wind! Leader, play up!
Let's give 'em something brisk and rousing:
Perhaps they'll ask us in to sup,
Or share awhile their gay carousing.
Something with less of shake and run in it!
This wait-ing game has little fun in it.
How they are going it inside!
There's a little RANDOLPH toasting SOLLY!
Their very shadows swell with pride,
Their laughter rings out bright and jolly.
How different it might have been!—
Tip 'em "The Wearing of the Green!"
If that won't fetch 'em, nothing will;
And if we can but play together.—
Well, well, we'll try it. Tune up, BILL!
An outside berth in this cold weather
Suits none of us. Let's hope the fates
Won't keep us waiting long as Waits!

"THE STORY OF THE HEAVENS."—The Upper Story.

ON UNIMPEACHABLE AUTHORITY.

To the recent authentic revelations afforded by certain well-informed portions of the Press as to Mr. GLADSTONE's attitude and policy in regard to the Nationalist Party in Ireland, the following may be added with confidence:—

It is now no longer a secret that Mr. PARWELL and Mr. GLADSTONE have met. The meeting which was not intended to come to the knowledge of Lord SALISBURY, took place in the woods near Harwarden, on Saturday last; the Irish Leader attending for the purpose disguised as the local postman, the late Premier also donning a woodman's smock for the purpose of escaping detection. A highly satisfactory and friendly understanding has been the result of the interview, and there is now no doubt, but that Mr. GLADSTONE will immediately on the very first opportunity that presents itself, take office relying on the support of the Parnellite Vote. The measure of concession he is disposed to make is ample, and will more than cover the Nationalist demands, a circumstance that has caused his Irish collaborateur the liveliest gratification. Complete severance and disruption of all National and Imperial ties, is to form the basis of the arrangement. Perfect liberty of action will be left with the Sister Parliament to deal with "vested land interests," and as it is calculated that this may lead to some protests from a noisy minority dispossessed of their property, a well armed and equipped Constabulary, able to supply the place of the removed Military, will form a prominent feature in the new scheme of Government.

In the event of England going to war with

any European Power or Powers, a benevolent neutrality is not necessarily to be imposed on or expected from the Irish Republic, the conduct of which will be guided by the circumstances of the case as they arise; but a foreign army will not be allowed to use Irish soil as a basis for its operations, without twenty-four hours' notice of the fact being given by the Republic to Her Majesty's Government. It is calculated that this will provide for any eventualities likely to occur. With regard to minor provisions, it is satisfactory to learn that, though immediately on the assembling of the Irish Parliament for its first session, the Authorities of Trinity College, Dublin, will have to look out for themselves, Mr. GLADSTONE has stipulated that Lord CARNARVON shall, either in disguise, or in any other convenient way that shall seem fit by the Republican Authorities, have a safe-conduct on board the mail packet for Holyhead. Indeed, all that the far-seeing provision of a cautious and circumspect Statesman can provide against has been carefully thought out, and embodied in the forthcoming agreement, the ratification of which must be eagerly looked for by earnest partisans on both sides of St. George's Channel.

ON A POETASTER.

(By a Rabid Reviewer.)

"NEW Poem, by Sir BOW DE WOW." I read
That old announcement with a thrill of dread.
A Critic spake and lo! my fears diminished.
"These," says the Scribe, "are finished
poems." Oh!
These blessed tidings mitigate my woe.
Thank Heaven, they are finished!



THE WAITS.





"NOW THEN, CAPTAIN, NEVER MIND THE CHILDREN. I'LL RACE YOU TO THE GATE FOR A PAIR OF GLOVES!"

THE HUMANE "HOLBORN."

In the Advertisement of an old friend, the Holborn Restaurant, put forward everywhere, and with striking effect in the outer sheet of *Mr. Punch's Almanack*, the Public is informed that this celebrated place of entertainment provides in its "beautiful dining saloons the best cuisine and the finest wines," and that the "famous *table d'hôte* (price three-and-sixpence) from 5'30 till 9 o'clock"—three hours and a half eating, at a shilling an hour, is cheap enough, in all conscience—is "accompanied by a full Orchestra, under a distinguished Conductor."

This announcement is most gratifying to charitably disposed and sympathetic diners, who, while they are filling themselves with the good cheer, will no longer be distressed by the thought that the Musicians may be empty, hungry, and eagerly eyeing the feeders at the different tables. No. The Advertisement distinctly says that the dinners are accompanied by "a full Orchestra," and this information is really consoling. The "full Orchestra" can afford to regard the empty guests as they arrive without one feeling of bitterness or envy. The Orchestra is full—they have dined; they have—not to quote it profanely—"eaten and drunk, and risen up (i.e., mounted to the gallery above) to play," and they can contemplate their fellow-men, whether wanting little or much below, with the perfect equanimity engendered by a satisfactory meal and an excellent digestion.

The Humane Proprietors of the "Holborn" must beware of allowing their Orchestra to become too full, or, in spite of the efforts of the "distinguished Conductor," they may doze, and take a few bars' rest. By the way, who is the distinguished, but in the advertisement nameless, Conductor? Is he so distinguished, of such exalted rank, that he conducts *incognito*, perhaps concealing his identity behind a false nose, whiskers, and wig? Is it possible that the Distinguished Conductor can be a certain Royal D-ke, who is known as unequalled, in his own way, on the violin, and who has more than once, we believe, conducted a band? There is a Duke's room at the Holborn. But we will not inquire too curiously. Suffice it for us, and the public, that the Three-and-sixpenny Dinner is first-class, that the Orchestra is "full," and that the Conductor is "distinguished." By the way, the first tune that the Orchestra ought to commence with when the eating begins, should invariably be, "There's some one in the house wid Diner."

PROMISING.

THE First Lord of the Admiralty has appointed a Committee "to consider and report upon the arrangements which will be necessary to carry into effect the details of the recommendations of Admiral GRAHAM's Committee upon Dockyard Expenditure;" and, as far as can be judged from the selected names, it promises to work well. The presence of Mr. J. WRIGHT, C.B., Engineer-in-Chief, is in itself a guarantee that the Committee will not, in its decisions, go far wrong, while that of Captain CHATFIELD argues well for the thorough talking out of all the propositions that, in the course of business, will come under its consideration. Mr. McHARDY, Director of Stores, moreover, is not likely to prove a soft in giving his opinion; while Mr. GORDON MILLER, Inspector of Dockyard Accounts, will, in his capacity of Secretary, be able, while watching which way the wind blows, to eliminate superfluous chaff from his record of the proceedings, and give all extraneous matter the sack. With such a nucleus of workers, the Committee certainly starts with everything in its favour.

A Good Opening.

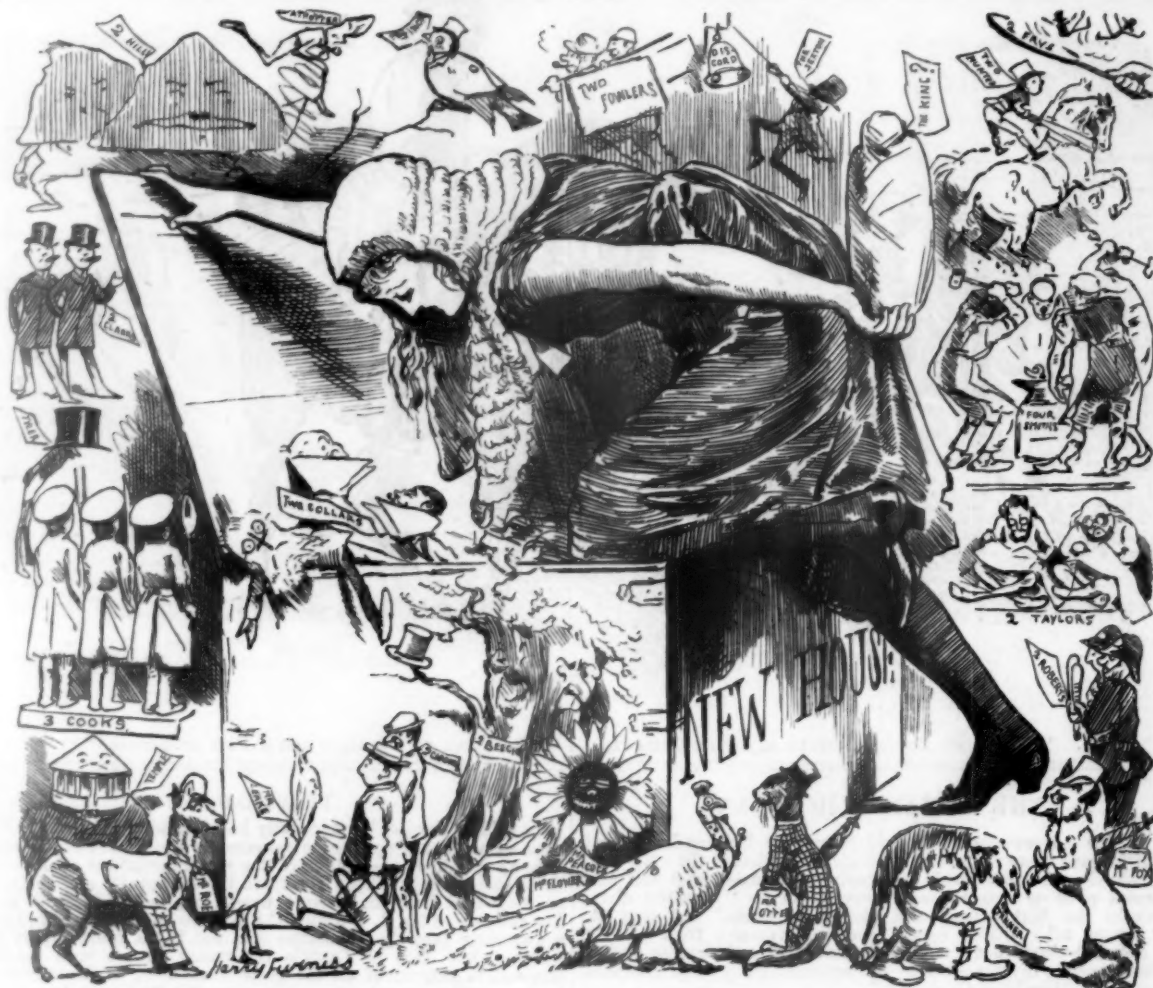
THE following appears in the *Athenæum* :—

WANTED, by an educated Young Man, aged 22, a PLACE. Can Paint, and talk Ruskinian. Address, &c.

This young man—he seems to be very young, but he will probably get over this in time, and it is after all not his fault—does not say what sort of a place he wants. Nor does he say what he can paint. Does he give his attention to houses, pictures, or park palings? Now what place would be suitable for a young man who can "talk Ruskinian." Eh? What? Why? Of course the very thing—he ought to be valet to Mr. JAMES WHISTLER. Let him apply at once, and accompany the gifted Symphonist on his American tour.

AN OMNIBUS COMPANION.—"New Edition," recently advertised, of a volume entitled the *Variorum Teacher's Bible*. Apparently a manual designed to meet the views of "Ministers of all Denominations." Which of them calls himself a Variorum Teacher?

LIQUIDATION ON CHANGE.—Break up of Frost.



LITTLE (1) MISS HOUSE OF COMMONS AND HER SURPRISE BOX OF CHRISTMAS TOYS.

See "Times" List, Dec. 14th.

"TIS MERRY IN HALL."

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR PUNCH has received a paper which was, he is informed, recently issued by the Authorities of Trinity College, Dublin. Here it is:—

"TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.—NOTICE.—Owing to the disorder which has prevailed of late in the Dining-Hall during Commons, the following Rules will, in future, be strictly enforced:—

"1. There shall be no cheering, beating of the tables, &c., when a Stranger dines at Commons, or under any circumstances.

"2. There shall be perfect silence during Grace.

"3. No Student shall move from his table towards the door while the Second Grace is being said, but shall remain standing at his place till the Grace is ended.

"4. No Student shall walk over the Dinner-table.

"5. There shall be no throwing of bread, either during or after Commons.

"The above Rules merely contain some of the first elements of the manners of a Gentleman; and any violation of them, or any act unbecoming a Gentleman, will be severely dealt with.

THOMAS T. GRAY, Junior Dean.

"December 14, 1885."

As to No. 1. When a "distinguished stranger," Mr. Punch, for example, is a guest of the Templars, do not the Juniors, the well-stuffed Gownsmen and the Students, also the Irish Stew-dents, cheer vociferously? Rather. Mr. Punch does not call to mind any beating of tables, but he has a very grateful remembrance of the Table which the Middle Templars keep—and it would be very hard to beat that.

As to Rule 2. Quite right. To hum, whistle, talk, or sing, would be irreverent and ungentlemanly. "During Grace," means,

of course, "while Grace is being said," as, otherwise, the Chaplain, or whoever officiates, himself would have to hold his tongue.

Rule 3. Quite right. Observe "Second Grace"—not "Grace after dinner." To make it classical and complete, there should be a Third Grace. But what with these Graces in Hall, and the Graces of the Senate, the Graduates and Undergraduates of Trinity can't be called a Graceless set.

Rule 5. Of course not. The Undergraduates will show themselves thoroughly well-bred, and not make the Dons crusty.

The summing up is obviously correct. Mr. Vice-Chancellor PUNCH hopes the Junior Dean will have no further trouble with the Students who would bring down his Gray hairs with sorrow, &c.; in which case Mr. V.-C. P. would have to compose a "Gray's Elegy." Be aisy, Boys, will ye now? And a Merry Christmas to all of you that can't get away, or who have, to quote Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM'S Shakespeare, "to labour in their vacation."

Just in Time!

THE United States Consul at Samoa reports, so said a paragraph in Saturday's Times, that on the direct tack of the Californian steamers a brand-new Island has risen quite unexpectedly out of the sea. Let Mr. PARNELL at once annex it, take his friends out, with plenty of provisions, and commence Home Rule on a small scale.

NEW DRAMA, IN SEVERAL ACTS, BY W. E. G.—Woodman Blind; or, The Dim Future.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



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It also recommends a particularly good kind of soft Tooth-brush, made of the finest badger-hair, and his ORANGE TOOTH-PASTE for the removal of tartar and whitening the teeth.

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